

Short Stories For Evening Hours

JONES' SECOND FIDDLE.

He was made out of a modest amount of material and had a curious look about his face that made one think his builder had been called to some more interesting occupation and had forgotten to come back and finish the job. The big mouth seemed crooked, and when he laughed, which was often, funny little ripples and gullies would spread out from the sides of the yawning cavity all over the skin of Tommy John's countenance. It pleased the children, so Tommy developed his laugh until it threatened to become something fearful.

Quite naturally and without the slightest intention of doing violence to justice, the people of Flambeau began using Tommy as a hitting post. If a subscription was to be raised for charity or public enterprise the promoters would unanimously elect Tommy to carry it around town, because Tommy's time was not important and theirs was. When the money was raised Tommy would take his proper place in the back yard and the promoters would suddenly appear in the limelight to the plaudits of an admiring citizenship.

On occasion of big events Tommy would be chosen without opposition to lead the erection and decoration of the speaker's stand, to arrange the seats and to deliver with the program. When the great day came an illustrious fellow citizen would not as Chairman and master of ceremonies. It wasn't so disastrous to a man's time and business to be Chairman as it was to build platform and such things. And Tommy didn't care for glory anyway, judging from his mug.

Even Tommy's little brown-eyed wife fell into the general habit of regarding her husband merely as a heater of wood and a drawer of water. She loved the very ground he walked on, but took it as the law of Providence that she should never amount to anything. Oftentimes she would talk to him about Ralph Harris, the young lawyer, who was exciting a great deal of local admiration by his clever speeches in court, and James Quiller, their next door neighbor, who had written "pieces" for the home paper and had actually been in print in one or two magazines. She would not refer to the men in the way of disparaging her mediocre husband, but merely as a subject of town news. Now and then Quiller would come over and graciously loan his neighbors a magazine or paper which contained something of his, and Mrs. Johns would read the stories aloud to her husband, with many parenthetical expressions of admiration. And Tommy, with chair propped against the porch and pipe in his homely mouth, would say it was even so. He was not jealous, because he knew his place and had sense enough never to go into the upper room lest he be invited to make space for a more honorable guest.

One day when Quiller called he informed Tommy and his wife that he was working on a book, by which he hoped to capture a \$5000 prize offered by the Moon Beam Publishing House of New York, and he offered to show them parts of the story as it came from his pen.

Little Mrs. Johns beamed with delight, and told Quiller she was confident, if he put in his best ticks, he would certainly win. She even volunteered Tommy's aid to typewrite his manuscript, an offer which Quiller, for reasons of economy, accepted on the spot, and Tommy didn't say No—he was glad even in so humble a way to assist his brilliant neighbor.

Tommy had an office downtown, the furniture of which consisted of a table, desk, typewriter and three chairs. He was a lawyer—in a mild way—a collector and insurance agent. His father had left him a few dollars, but the people said he was living off his wife's estate, and Mrs. Johns didn't deny.

Mrs. Johns was one of those restless little bodies who continually saw great things at a distance, but was absolutely blind to any jewels close about. If you would put her in London she would talk only of the glory of New York. If Providence located her in New York she would be miserable because denied the privileges she might have in London.

If anybody had hinted to her that anywhere about Tommy there was hidden a spark of talent of any sort she would have resented it as an imputation on his character and his loyalty to her.

Little Mrs. Johns was so tickled over being asked to read the manuscript of Quiller's prize story that she confided to Bill Hedges, editor of the Flambeau Skyrocket, the information that Quiller was writing a book to win the Moon Beam Publishing Company's \$5000 prize, and that it was bound to be a winner. She added, incidentally, that Tommy had been given the distinguished honor of checking the prize story through his typewriter.

Hedges grinned curiously as he jotted down the news, and the Skyrocket that week stated that "our talented fellowtownsman, Jerome Quiller, who had written quite a number of pieces for the leading magazines, was now engaged on a novel to be entered in a competition for a \$5000 prize offered by a book publishing concern of New York. From a disinterested judge who has read portions of the manuscript we are assured that it is quite the best thing Mr. Quiller has ever done in a literary way, and that he stands an excellent show of coming in under the wire a length or two ahead of the field. Tommy Johns, the insurance agent, is typewriting Mr. Quiller's book for him."

Mrs. Johns was delighted with the delicate way the editor had put it, and Quiller bought three or four extra copies of the paper to send to his friends.

From that time on the Skyrocket boomed Mr. Quiller every week. The editor had a picture made, showing his intellectual features, with complimentary words under it, and the author became quite a lion in anticipation of his coming glory.

Every night Tommy would sit quietly on the porch while Mrs. Johns and Quiller discussed literature and the formation of fiction characters. It never occurred to them to let Tommy in on these talks, because it was a matter beyond his ken. Some men in his position of house-keeper might have been a little bored, and nobody would have blamed him if he had gone down to the tavern and had a time with the congenial spirits there. But Tommy was a domestic man, and so long as they let him smoke he didn't care what they talked about. Mrs. Johns supposed he hung around because of the fascination of Quiller's presence and in the hopes of acquiring some of the wisdom that fell from his lips. When Quiller came and when he left Tommy would arise and stand behind his wife while she did the honors of receiving and speeding the parting guest. He never "batted an eye" or did anything unless he was told.

Quiller's manuscript had been in the hands of the publishers some time and the date of the award had passed. The editor of the Skyrocket had made arrangements with the publishers to wire him the result of the contest so he might tell it in front of his office for the good people of Flambeau. A letter from the publishers stated that hundreds of manuscripts had been received and that the readers were busy at work on them; they hoped to be able to announce the result soon.

One beautiful fall evening Mrs. Johns sat in a large rocking chair out of the lawn, reading again to Tommy, who was reclining in a hammock, chapters from Quiller's book-to-be and commenting rapturously thereon.

"Just listen here, Tommy; did you ever run across anything more beautiful? In the stillness of the night the stars splashed the turgid waters, throwing up diamonds and jewels, of every description, as the cane bearing the escaping lovers shot across the billowy lake to the old castle of their ancestors." Isn't that grand for description? One can almost see the moonbeams glinting through the trees and hear the hoarse shout of the baffled pursuers on the shore."

"Seems like a dream," said Tommy.

"A dream!" scornfully, "that isn't any way to discuss literature."

"—I mean it's—er—hot stuff."

"What you mean is," said the little lady with cold exasperation, "that you've no poetry in you, and such things, in your ears, mean no-

thing. You'd rather hear the dinner bell."

"I guess so," said Tommy, good naturedly; "it's like feeding the pigs with champagne to waste much things on me."

Bill Hedges, with coat on his arm and a palm leaf fan in his hand, came trudging along from the print shop. His big gray eyes glowed curiously as he stepped into the lawn and shook hands.

"Got a telegram about the book just now," he said, pulling out a yellow paper.

"Oh, goody!" said little Mrs. Johns, rising and clapping her hands. "Mr. Quiller won it?"

"He didn't! What a shame! There's a swindle in the thing somewhere, I know! They haven't had anything submitted near as good as his!"

"You can never tell when you run against the book game," said the editor philosophically. "What I read of Quiller's book looked to me like pretty good reading, but those chumps don't seem to know fine work when they see it. Now, this message says they've given the prize to a fellow who I know never had a lick of experience at writing—one Tommy Johns, a one-horse—"

"What?"

Mrs. Johns fairly screamed at it as she jerked the telegram out of the editor's hand and read:

"Editor Skyrocket, Flambeau, Iowa: First prize of \$5000 goes to Thomas Johns of your town. Congratulations."

MOON BEAM PUBLISHING CO.

Little Mrs. Johns turned her startled eyes toward the homely man who still reclined in the hammock, smoking lazily and comfortably. "Tommy! You—" she began, almost angrily.

"Don't get mad, my dear," said Tommy gently. "I didn't mean to do it, but I had a little time on my hands, and when you told me I had to write out Quiller's book for him it gave me a little idea. It didn't amount to much, you'll say that when you see it—you can have the \$5000. Now, go on with your reading. I believe you stopped where Mr. Quiller said they had 'shot across the billowy lake to the old castle of their'—er—what was it?"

But she didn't finish. Instead she threw the other man's manuscript on the ground and sprang to her feet. Then a tender light crept into her eyes and she went over to where Tommy was and, kneeling beside him, began rumpling his hair.

"You dear old work horse," she said, "you've been trotting along all these years pulling other people's loads, with never a word of complaint, and let people walk on by with their foot. Then a tender light crept into her eyes and she went over to where Tommy was and, kneeling beside him, began rumpling his hair."

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"Well, dearie," said the pack horse, as he curled up in a more comfortable position, "I was using what I thought as material for the book, and I assure you that you and Mr. Quiller helped out wonderfully."

That night the Chairman, the Mayor and several of the distinguished citizens of Flambeau met at the Commercial Club and discussed the amazing situation.

"Tommy is a nice little fellow, all right," said a portly gentleman, who figured in the local paper nearly every week in connection with some business or social enterprise, "but where in the Sam Hill could such a chap hit an idea that would make a book? I supposed his wife did all the thinking for the family."

"He got the idea right here," replied Editor Hedges, who just then joined the group and who seemed to be very much pleased about something. "Quiller run across the ocean and wrote of things he knew nothing about Tommy took his own preserves and painted them with fidelity. He's got every one of you in his book, and he's made a better picture of you than a photograph could have done."

"Good!" said the Chairman; "that was a bright idea; it will help the town. Do you know what he calls his book?"

"Yes," replied the editor, "he let me see it before he sent it off. He named 'The Pharisaees.'"

—Edgar White, in The Bohemian Magazine.

Anemometers were strained in the recent Philippine typhoon, when a wind velocity of 135 miles an hour was recorded.

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HARDWARE DEPARTMENT

PLANTERS BUSY IN MORNIG SESSION

(Continued from Page 1.)

be in general use in the future if the last possible extraction is desired," declared Manager H. F. Renton, of Ewa plantation this morning at the session of the Planters' Association.

"If we had had our fifteen-cutter mill in operation during the whole season at Ewa we would have been \$25,000 more to the good. As it was, with the fifth mill only working for a few weeks, we were ahead \$900 over the old style mill."

This statement from Mr. Renton drew a question from John W. O'Connell: "If your extraction was 94 per cent before you added the fifth set of rollers, and 96 per cent after the addition, do you consider the 2 per cent a clear gain?"

Mr. Noel Deerr took up this question and replied that the 2 per cent could not be considered absolute clear gain as the impurities would reduce it somewhat.

The meeting was called to order by Vice President Pottenhauer and at once the various reports of the different committees were gone into. The first, on "Machinery Used in Manufacture of Sugar," was read by Secretary W. O. Smith, in the absence of J. N. S. Williams, chairman of the committee.

The part referring to the Lillie triple effect, brought up a lively discussion, and the directly opposite opinions expressed by several managers as to the Lillie machine, were only partly explained by Manager George Renton. After listening to all the talk, said that his sugar boiler did not boil out his tubes (when cleaning) in vacuum, and suggested that that might be the cause of a lot of oil leaks and different mills.

C. C. Kennedy of Waiakae said that he had had no trouble whatsoever with the Lillie triple effects at his plantation, and that for three months at a stretch it had not been opened.

W. W. Goodale of Waiakae said that he was having continued trouble with the Lillie, and that it took a lot of scraping and acid to clean the tubes in the job. He had had to stop in the middle of a week to boil out and clean the pans. Boilers were the principal cause of trouble and they accumulated very quickly.

John T. Moir of Onomea said that he was perfectly satisfied with the Lillie and that it was doing good work. Manager Ross of Honolulu plantation spoke in the same vein as Goodale about the Lillie, and said that he had trouble at his mill with scale and having to renew tubes.

Then Manager Watt of Oiaa again took the floor and said that he had no trouble at his mill, and that the cause of the scaling reported at other mills might be caused by imperfect fluting. Then a lot of acid would have to be used when cleaning the tubes and the tubes he gradually destroyed. Watt said that they have never had to replace a tube yet at Oiaa.

E. E. Paxson suggested that the different reports on the Lillie might be accounted for by the fact that the

juice from cane on all the islands was not the same.

Noel Deerr was asked his opinion and said that imperfect fluting probably had something to do with the trouble and suggested a way to save money on the expensive new tube proposition.

"Why not try, say, half a dozen cast iron tubes in among the copper ones, and then watch how they act. Even if they have to be replaced just as often as the higher-priced ones, there would be a great saving."

Mr. H. B. Pangloss made an interesting statement when he suggested that of physical observation of the land of Hawaii, that scale on the tubes was increased a lot by the growth of jimson weed which had grown near the sea coast, and where salt spray had affected the cane.

Manager Fawcett of Kakaia, said that when he had to use benzolish water for irrigation, the scale in his triple effect tubes were not as bad as now, when the cane gets nothing but fresh water. Fawcett said that sour beer was a splendid thing to clean tubes with, but that it was an expensive method. (Much laughter.)

Manager Renton stated that the tubes at Ewa were as good as the day they were first used, and that a complete set that were purchased at the same time as the effects, had never been used.

Mr. Redemann then explained the principles of the Kelly Filter Press and he was listened to with great attention. C. C. Kennedy then took up the report of the committee on Cutting and Transportation of Cane and read an interesting article on the subject. After describing all the different methods of getting cane to the mill in these islands, the writer went on to say that the same old cane knife was still cutting the sticks all over the world, as it has been doing for hundreds of years.

In Kennedy's opinion the Planters' Association should offer every inducement to inventors to get busy and try and think out a cane-cutting machine. "We cannot expect men to spend time and money working on cane-cutting machine ideas without some encouragement and I think that a sum of money should be devoted to such a purpose."

"The difficulty is to get a machine that will both cut the cane at the ground and top it at the same time. Otherwise harvesting machines are useless. In Louisiana we may say day after day of a harvesting machine, but it is a different proposition here, where our cane grows so much longer and heavier."

All the reports were listened to with great interest and at noon the meeting adjourned till 1:30 o'clock.

TELEPHONE DEAL NEAR AGREEMENT

Negotiations that are now under way it is expected, will eventually

in a final adjudication of the troubles that resulted in the failure of the Board of Supervisors to concur in the agreement that was prepared to meet the activities of the Mutual Telephone Company.

The nature of the amendments that have been practically agreed on have not been made public. It is known, however, that definite action upon the amended agreement by the Board of Supervisors simply awaits a meeting of the directors of the Mutual Telephone Company.

It is understood that the agreement will be ratified upon a basis of mutual compromises, and neither the company or the Supervisors are forced to recede materially from the stand each assumed when the negotiations toward a settlement of all difficulties were temporarily broken off.

Aylett's Views. Supervisor Win. R. Aylett, who is bitterly opposed to the laying of telephone conduits, is ready for war, when the Board of Supervisors meet tonight to consider the welfare of the city government.

"I am opposed to the laying of telephone conduits, without getting any benefit for the city," said Aylett. "When Carter was Governor, I was a member of the Legislature of 1905. In his message to that Legislature he strongly advised the members to pass a law compelling the corporations, including the Telephone company, to pay 2½ per cent income tax."

"He was then the Governor of the Territory, but when he became a common citizen, he began to kick because he has large interests in the telephone company. I am ready to produce the message, which he, when Governor, sent to the Legislature: It will substantially sustain my view."

"I think Carter has just found out that it is not always a good thing to be 'wildcat' in passing judgment on any important measure, such as this. I am doing what he advised to do in his message."

Aylett, who is trying to study law, with a view of perhaps becoming a lawyer some day, has been overhauling the Revised Laws of the Territory of Hawaii. He claims that he has found a section where his contentions will be substantiated if the question was brought before the court.

SLUGGER VELTHOFF GETS SIXTY DAYS

For hitting the Upper H. Velthoff, a member of the Marine Corps, will have sixty days for reflection.

A brutal assault was made by Velthoff upon Campbell Mackey, a sailor belonging to the British freighter Roma, while the seafaring man was in a down-town saloon. Mackey was not under the influence of liquor, but Velthoff admitted on the stand this morning that he must have been, as he remembered nothing about the affair. Mackey had been touring the city on the evening

GREAT NORTHERN IS GROWING Apace

"The growth of the great Northwest is tremendous," says John U. Smith of Hilo, who arrived from a tour of the northern country by a recent Vancouver boat.

"People are coming in there by the hundreds of thousands and the agricultural districts are being developed into the best and most prosperous communities you could imagine."

"And it will all work in for the benefit and upbuilding of Hawaii. They are double-tracking the railroad from Portland to Seattle. The trade with the islands is growing. The trade with Alaska is growing. The trade of the country towns and the cities of the northwest is growing. It is the greatest country I ever saw, next to Hawaii. They'll all be coming this way in the course of a short time. There's no doubt of it. They are talking of Hawaii and want to develop trade with the islands."

So saying John U. took the boat for Hilo to not only watch it grow but to do a little growing up with the country himself.

KING'S PROMISE FOUND IN ATTIC

Through the generosity and good fortune of Mrs. H. G. Alexander, Librarian Lydecker of the Archives Department has become possessed of the original agreement entered into between Kamehameha III and Admiral Richard Thomas, when the flag of the Hawaiian Monarchy was restored by the British commander, July 31, 1843.

The document was found by Mrs. Alexander in the attic of her home on Nuuanu avenue, while she was searching among some old family possessions. The finding of the valuable document in the best state of preservation was a surprise to Mrs. Alexander and she decided that the best place for its safe keeping was in the Archives department.

The agreement binds the Hawaiian Kingdom in irrevocable terms to accord justice to British subjects and contains the "most favored nation clause," which is an international problem today in the maintenance of the open door in Manchuria.

of King Edward's birthday, playing melodies on Scottish bagpipes.

Believing himself in need of some refreshment he visited the bar, and, during the few minutes that he spent there, was slugged by the soldier, who broke the piper's nose and inflicted several nasty cuts about the face.

Judge Andrade sentenced Velthoff to sixty days' imprisonment. In addition he is out \$25 bail which he forfeited when first placed under arrest.



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